



THE
NEWS-CARRIER'S
ADDRESS,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

With the COMPLIMENTS of the Day,
To the PATRONS of the

ROYAL GAZETTE.

By the Public's Humble Servant,

At all Times and in all Weathers,

1st. January, 1805.

THE CARRIER.

ONCE more, my Patrons, kindly hear
Your CARRIER'S Song for the New-Year,
Though not achiev'd in Lauriate numbers,
Adapted to the Royal flumbers;
Though not perform'd in chorus grand,
By the Majestic Courtly band;
For which, with heart so light and merry,
The Poet bears the butt of Sherry,
Whilst I, quite destitute of Sack,
For Rhymes my hard bound brains must rack,
Draw from the fountains of the nine,
Unmixt with wit-creating Wine.
These lays an *Amateur* has, yet,
To notes harmonic deign'd to set.
Quoth he, with solemn founds they'll suit;
Organ no longer shall be mute:
This *Hymn* shall make the bellows blow,
The pipes to fill, the keys to go.
Nor longer shall the donor's merit,
Display our poverty of spirit.

Oft-times our wisest plans are crost;
And what can stand before this frost?
Fierce Boreas comes, and in a trice,
The fireamy notes are fix'd in ice.
In Winter, ('tis in vain to mutter)
The princely gift no sounds will utter.
In vain, in Summer too, you linger,
'Tis Cash the instrument must finger.
And cease, proud Citizens, this vaunting,
Your Organ's matter Key is wanting.
Some consolation we have still,
One good extracted from this ill.
Our prudent Vestry having found
This dire effect of Cold on found,
And justly fearing lest the Bell
No more perform th' accusom'd Knell,
Nor summon to their Prayers the People;
Have plac'd two Stoves within the Steeple.

Was this the great end of that blest Re-
volution lately in the Vestry?
But ask the visionaries all,
Dutch, Germans, Swiss, and men of Gaul,
In Revolution what they fought?
For what they wrote? for what they fought?

Dutch, Germans, Swifs, and men of Gaul,
In Revolution what they fought ?
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Ask those too on this side th' Atlantic,
The object of their measures frantic ?
What will you find to Sense more pleasing,
To gnawing Conscience more appeasing,
Or to the People of less coit,
Than guarding sound against the Frost ?
For me I'll seek, in all my range,
None, but what men of trade call *change*.
On this, Heaven grant, you all may flumble,
Do your own business, cease to grumble !
God save the King and bless the Land,
In plenty joy and Peace,
And grant, henceforth, that soul debate
'Twixt FISHERMEN may cease !

OVERSIZE

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